



## How to Dodge A Bullet

*S. LaRue – 8/2013*

I am not a Ninja. I have yet to dodge a relationship bullet, am covered in scars, have suffered in agony and not learned the ancient art of getting the fuck out of the way. I may never, but I have amassed clues; indicators to watch for that are undeniable signals you are about to see a muzzle flash—that's the way getting shot works; you see the flash of the gun being fired, and you're out of commission before hearing the weapon's report.

While enduring many lengthy hospitalizations, recovering from somewhat "friendly" fire, I've had plenty of time to think. My last recovery saw a light bulb come on over my head. My thought was; many women take quite a while, years sometimes, to pull their weapon, draw a bead on your chest, and squeeze one off. This led me to believe, if I were to take a really fucking long time getting to know someone, they'd indicate in some way, that they were armed, before I gave the relationship my seal of approval and ran, headlong to my doom.

I'm what is referred to as the "Pathetic Loser"; a term made popular in the 1950s when women got involved in defining us, which improved their target acquisition skills considerably, once they figured out which of us are dense enough to just stand there and get shot, while looking surprised. I thought time would give me opportunity to spot a woman's weapon. They're armed alright, every fucking one of them. 2 weeks, 10 years—it's anyone's guess when they're gonna draw down on you, but draw down, they will.

A recent endeavor found me spending a full year “courting” someone, before ever asking them out on a date. Once the dating began in earnest I noticed a bulge under her jacket, and wrote it off as possibly a can of tuna, or maybe a secondary purse.

Turned out to be a military issue, nickel plated 0.45, and when the time was ripe, I took a round in the chest, dead-fucking-center. During the dating period, she was prone to these odd outbursts of emotion, had this uncanny way of misconstruing the most innocent of sentences I'd utter, and turning them into reasons to flee. And I don't mean, "Okay, I think I'd better go take my frog for a walk. Talk later?" I mean, jumping out of bed and barely taking the time to get dressed before bolting out the door, apparently in fear for her life, over something like me offering her a drink of water. That kind of scenario played out several times, some got real dramatic, but I didn't walk. Ultimately, you have to be prepared to walk, and I'm such a softy, have such a trusting and forgiving nature, am so starved for love, I pretty much insist on getting blasted before calling it quits. Apparently its the only thing my brain will accept as the definitive end of a relationship.

I'm gonna get it in the one I'm in now too. It may have already happened for all I know. I'm hooked up with one of those gals that, for some reason or other, doesn't feel like communicating with you carries any weight, unless, you're both in the same room. She's been out of state for a couple of months, dealing with some personal issues, and considers my attempts to communicate with her, as insulting, as far as I can tell. She texts me once or twice a month, those comforting 5 word messages, one time saying she was gonna call the next day (I'll let you guess how that panned out), and another time told me to quit worrying about our communication issues—we'd be able to Skype in a couple of days. I got kinda excited and emailed her my Skype info so she could add me as a contact. That was 10 days ago. I've emailed a couple of times, trying to keep the conversation as far away from her shitty attitude as possible, but the fact of the matter is, and ANY fool could see this a mile away—she doesn't want to talk to me! She was raised to believe she's too good for everyone else? She served in Viet Nam as a toddler? Her pillow is broken and she blames me? Who fucking knows, but I've done nothing but write letters, send cards, emails, and packages to this recovering woman for months and have received one card in return. Why am I bothering with this? I actually heard her pull back the hammer of her 0.38 Special, heard it click into position, and I'm betting I text her in the morning—send a picture of flowers and sign off with "XOXOXO". Those god damn 0.38s seem to sting worse than most; hate those piggy-looking little fuckers.

One time I was back stage after a performance, and a roadie delivered a note from what he described as, "Holy fucking shit!" It was a woman's phone number, an invitation to go out for a drink right away, and, this was the kicker, she'd drawn a little smiley face on the note. I instinctually grimaced at the mere thought of someone sending me a smiley face note, but when the roadie pointed her out, I shrugged it off and went out with her anyway. Took a couple of years, but that bitch opened up on me with a Vintage Thompson Machine gun, and did so every time we accidentally crossed paths for the next 20 years. Write this one down: Smiley Face = RUN!

Those are the three big ones, and oh yeh, if they're barely legal, you'd be smart to either stay very far away, or surprisingly seize her firmly, frisk her thoroughly, get the deed done, and move out of town in the next 24 hours. Last I was in that situation, I heard one whiz past my ear as I was making my escape.

So:

Spending a year getting to know them = getting shot.

Having a blast when you're together, but never hearing a peep when you're apart = getting shot.

Smiley face on first communique = getting shot.

Yer bound to be smarter than me concerning the wimmins, bound to have the where-with-all to just fucking WALK AWAY when there is obviously a train headed toward you, and now that I look back on my reason for writing this, I'm totally clueless. Me giving anyone instruction about dodging a bullet is comparable to my offering to teach them how to fly a helicopter – should we proceed, it would mean they're stupid, and I'm an asshole, and I'm not comfortable with that.

Perhaps bullet proof vest sales may improve upon publication of this misguided endeavor? Maybe guys will try to grow real testicles, or maybe a brain; some say one's as good as the other. But no matter what, don't be love starved, don't fall for the big sales pitch regaling love as the fix-all for everything. Love has a price tag Bro. A lead one for schmucks like me.

I guess if I were to give advice in this arena, I'd tell you to remove your heart, beat it with a hammer for an hour, and replace it. That way, you wouldn't be such a nice guy anymore, more willing to tell vicious broads to tell their story walkin'. How the fuck did they all get to be trophy-level marksmen anyway (or is it markswomen)? Same way you get to Carnegie Hall, is what I'm thinking—practice.

Take heed Gentlemen. There is peril in those lips! Last I checked, pure bred German Shepherds are going for about a buck and a half, no papers though. That costs double. But no thumbs, means no firearms. Just sayin'...